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BYE THE BYE.

The old saying, "People are just like sheep," can readily be verified in many ways if one will but study human nature on the streets. For example take a shop window that is unusually attractive or has in it some new device for catching the eye of the public. Hundreds of people will pass it every few minutes without bestowing upon it more than a passing glance of admiration or wonder. This will continue for hours until some well-dressed gentleman stops for a moment to admire. He is at once joined by several others and in a very few minutes a good sized crowd has collected. The decorations in the display window seem all of a sudden to have assumed new proportions, brighter colors and more fantastic designs and the most callous passer-by unconsciously takes longer strides, as he draws near, in his eagerness to join the crowd who jostle and push each other and crane their necks in an endeavor to get a view of the same objects they had passed a dozen times, yet deemed them scarcely worthy of notice until the crowd collected. Then the fellow who first stopped suddenly becomes aware of the throng that has collected and realizing his responsibility in the matter quietly slips out of the crowd and away, followed by several others. That settles it, the window immediately loses all its drawing power and presents no more attractive features to the remainder of the crowd than does the saw and wood pile to the urchin who wants to go a skating and in another moment the window is entirely deserted and the busy public pass it by as before with only an occasional glance, and the onlooker wonders at the vagaries of man.

The stability of the average Lincolnite is clearly demonstrated by the large number of fine horses and turn-outs that are to be seen daily upon the streets. Every pleasant evening from seven o'clock until dark there is one continual stream of carriages, buggies, phaetons, carts and pretty horses upon the main streets. It seems as though the whole population had turned out en-masse to go riding. To a stranger in the city this is one of Lincoln's most noticeable features, and a good feature it is too for it impresses one with the knowledge that Lincoln is composed of substantial citizens, who can ride if they choose. Of course the turn-outs vary from the handsome landau with the liveried driver to the express wagon that has done its days work and is now pressed into service as a vehicle of pleasure, but for the most part the grand procession is composed of handsome carriages and spirited horses, and these, intermingled quite freely with lady and gentlemen equestrians, form a pleasing and constant moving panorama that is worth ones while to sit and watch.

Then too have you noticed the vast number of paces that are now seen upon our streets? A few years ago a pretty pacer was a scarce article on our streets. Last year they seemed to have taken a new hold upon the public and this summer they are nearly a fad and almost as numerous as trotters for driving purposes. Of course the single-footers have the field to themselves when it comes to the equestrian portion of this vast throng and some of the horses who are fortunate enough to possess this peculiar gait sail down the street with some fair rider as though they fully realized their importance in equestrian circles and considered themselves just a little bit better than the other horses who are not on to their movement.

A very touching letter was found in the Cincinnati mail at that city a short time since. It was addressed "To My Dear Mamma in Heaven" and its contents in the handwriting of a child, were:

HOME—Dear Mamma; I am so lonesome since you went to heaven. I want to go to you. The time seems so long. You said I could come to you. Mrs. Clark is so kind to me, but she is not like you, you who sit to god and send for me. My arm hurts me so, and you said I would be well in heaven. I send a kiss. From your little DORA.

"Potatoes are potatoes nowadays" said a well known Lincoln grocerman the other day as he measured out a scant bushel of the aforesaid articles for a regular customer and unblushingly accepted two silver dollars in exchange. In fact there is a sort of rivalry between the price of potatoes in Lincoln and ice in New York City with a fair prospect of potatoes coming out first before the season closes. Potatoes have ceased to become a necessity and are now classed among the luxuries. It is singular too that as soon as the scarcity and high price of potatoes became an assured fact so many people who never before cared much for potatoes suddenly developed unsatiable appetites for that article. If some man had possessed the power to look into the future a few weeks ago he could have bought up the entire potato crop hereabouts for about sixty or seventy-five cents per bushel and made a fortune.

A farmer was heard to remark that he had ten acres of good soil planted with potatoes and from this he should consider himself lucky if he succeeded in getting ten bushels. Of course the scarcity of the mealy tuber is directly attributed to the continued drouth and, while this is true in the main, there are other reasons as well. It will be remembered that last year there was a very large crop and potatoes were remarkably cheap, so cheap in fact that many farmers after driving around town for several hours in a vain endeavor to dispose of their loads at a price to suit them, took their potatoes back home, cooked and fed them to their hogs. This of course had its effect on the farmers and as a consequence many of them planted barely enough potatoes for their own use this year. This, however, is but the his ory of grain or vegetables of some sort almost every year. Next season everybody will raise potatoes and then they'll go begging again.

According to some of the Des Moines papers its citizens are bewailing the filthy con-



KING AND MUSICIAN

IN AMUSEMENT LINES.

The unexpected has happened again. Ten days ago Lincoln had no thought of having a professional base ball team. On Monday she dropped into the Western Association, and is likely to be there next season. The Des Moines club was about to be disbanded for lack of support. The association wanted to maintain eight clubs in order not to disarrange its schedule. It decided to give the Des Moines franchise to a good town on its guarantee to keep up the club and pay salaries. Lincoln and Grand Rapids were the two available cities. The latter was not enthusiastic, and the former had had its fill of base ball three years ago. At least the cranks who put up the financial backing had. But Dave Rowe came down from Omaha, where the association officers were in session, and he is a persuasive fellow, and has warm friends in Lincoln. Before he went back he had the assurance of responsible parties that the small guarantee fund, something like a thousand, would be raised and the Des Moines players kindly treated. And here we are with a professional ball team on our hands, and a prospect of some great sport.

The Milwaukee's came in Tuesday for a series of three games. The first they won by a score of 15 to 6. The Lincoln (Des Moines) team were in a badly demoralized condition. An amateur battery had to be used, and six of the men were played out of position. Their pitcher was hit hard and their fielding errors were numerous. On Tuesday Rosch went into the box, and the result was as pretty a game of ball as is likely to be seen during the season. During the first five innings not a run was scored. But one hit and one error had been made, both by Lincoln. The only Brewer who saw first got his life on that error. Lincoln got as far as third. Then followed some hits and errors, and Milwaukee won by a score of 4 to 3. In the ninth inning Lincoln apparently tied the score with a good prospect of winning, but a doubtful decision by the umpire, one of the Milwaukee club, robbed them of their chance. Hart distinguished himself by a home run hit over the fence directly back of second.

On Wednesday the tables were turned completely. In the points for Lincoln were Hart and Hoover, one of our famous batteries of three years ago. Lincoln slugged Thornton for fifteen hits, including a home run by Flanagan, and won by a score of 9 to 4. Milwaukee got seven scattered hits, and Dairymple was credited with a home run because the ball bounded over the fence. There were many brilliant plays, and Lincoln out-played the visitors at every point, putting up an errorless game.

DIAMOND NOTES.

The attendance of ladies is increasing. J. R. Lemist will get a chance at Omaha. W. R. Lemist is official scorer for Lincoln. Milwaukee could not reach home in time to play a game scheduled for Friday. St. Paul will be here today, Monday and Tuesday. Minneapolis will follow. Charles Hoover has been leased by Kansas City and is signed with the Lincoln. Milwaukee and Kansas City are about a stand off for first place. There is a dispute about the count. We don't want the pennant. We do want good ball playing. And we got it in two games out of three. Maupins, the colored catcher, was sent for, but the engagement of Hoover made it unnecessary to use him. The attendance was good for an opening.

and the management is satisfied. T. J. Hickey is acting as financial agent for Lincoln.

Lincoln has some fine players in her club, and several thousand dollars could be realized by releasing them to other clubs ready to snap them up.

If you want to find Charley Mosher or Dick Townley on base ball afternoons make for the grand stand directly back of the catcher, where never a curve or shoot is lost.

The Lincoln club plays St. Paul today, Monday and Tuesday; and Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week with Minneapolis. They then leave for a series of games away from home as follows: Milwaukee, Aug. 23, 24, 25. Minneapolis, Aug. 26, 27, 28, St. Paul Aug. 29, 30, 31. Then they return home to play Denver Sept. 1, 2, 3, and Kansas City Sept. 4, 5, 6. They are booked to play the Omaha club here Sept. 8, 9 and 10, but as past experience has shown that base ball in conjunction with a state fair does not pay, it is quite probable that these games will be played on the Omaha grounds.

THE MINSTRELS MONDAY.

Primrose & West minstrels will be the initial attraction of the season at Funke's which opens Monday evening. This is one of the oldest and best known minstrel companies on the road and the very names of Primrose & West is a guarantee to the public that they will see something away above the ordinary in the minstrel line. The Indianapolis Journal of July 26th has this to say of them:

"An audience that occupied every available foot of space in the Grand opera house, both upstairs and down, was present last night to greet Primrose & West's minstrels, and the performance was received with unmistakable evidences of favor. It is refined throughout, clean cut, well arranged, and well presented. Every feature on the bill is new. The costumes, stage effects and the equipment of the combination are attractive. The 'Monte Cristo' first part, discloses rich stage drapings of silk and satin, while the costumes of the members in this scene, as well as those worn by the 'Imperials' in their grand electrical march are very handsome. The singing by the different members is exceptionally good. Particularly is this true of 'Bring Back My Fisher Boy,' as sung by Mr. Natus, an original comic melody by J. Melville Jackson, John Queen's original 'Expectations,' 'Dear Heart' by John H. Davis, 'Baby's Picture' by F. E. Reynolds and Dockstader's topical songs. The latter as a singer and comedian has few equals on the minstrel stage, and he was most cordially received last night. The electrical effects are a feature."

AT THE FAIR.

The coursing at Cushman park last Saturday and Sunday proved one of the greatest attractions of the season and was largely attended both days. The sport, although new to most of the Lincoln people, was highly enjoyable and everything passed off to the entire satisfaction of both the spectators and management. It is very evident from the initial performance that the hare and hound would prove a good card at any time in Lincoln.

To-morrow is Amendment Sunday at Cushman park and a tremendous crowd is expected. There will be excursions from all over the state. Luther Benson, the noted Indiana orator, and many other distinguished speakers will be present. Wednesday the Ohio colony of old settlers of Lancaster county will hold their annual picnic at the park and a grand good time is anticipated. The programme comprises good music and addresses, games, basket dinner, boating and a general big time. At 3 p. m. there will be an interesting game of base ball between the Ohioans and Nebraskans. In the evening there will be a ball. Ten Brock, the cele-

brated London acrobat, will also be here during the coming week, just what day is not yet known. The management has to guarantee him \$500 in order to get him. His famous balloon "City of London," is 65 feet high.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The Lincoln Lawn Tennis club will give a tournament, open to every player in the city, commencing on the twenty-fifth of this month. The entries can be made up to Thursday evening of next week and all those wishing to take part should send their name to Chas. L. Burr, chairman, room 100 Burr block. The tournament will be under the auspices of and on the grounds of the Lincoln Lawn Tennis Club and they desire that every tennis player in the city, no matter whether they belong to any club or not, take part. The tournament is expected to last a week and some handsome prizes will be given the winners by the club. The program will include gent's singles and doubles, ladies singles and doubles and mixed doubles.

KING AND MUSICIAN.

This issue of the COURIER presents a half tone copy of a famous painting by E. Hamman entitled "Haendel and George I, King of England." A critic says of it:

"This magnificent picture captivates the eye by the wonderful skill with which the figures are grouped and also by the grandeur of the conception. Haendel, who was the king's favorite, is causing to be played before his master the beautiful composition which he had especially prepared for the king's journey down the Thames. In the distance we discover a boat filled with performers who are executing the piece. In the foreground in the royal galley we notice the king and his court. Next to the king is Haendel, himself, who with raised hand is beating time and directing the music. Numerous other boats follow and precede the royal galley and add to the beauty of the scene and to the picturesque quality of the effect. As a pleasing and striking subject, which will immediately attract attention, this picture is without a rival. The idea is grand and the manner in which it has been treated is in every respect worthy of the subject."

Louie Meyer, the popular dry goods man, is now in New York and the fruits of his present labors at the Metropolis will soon be visible on the counters and shelves of his popular Tenth street store. Mr. Meyer is a shrewd and careful buyer, has a keen and appreciative eye for the beautiful, and with these accomplishments always secures the cream of the market. His stay in New York will be about two weeks—ample time to see everything that is offered, and when the goods come in, which will be in about two weeks, the ladies will again have an opportunity to praise the elegant assortment, the beautiful fabrics and the nobby styles just as they have done in the fall season heretofore.

G. A. R. Books Very Cheap.

The Wesel Printing Co. has several copies of Col. Robert B. Beal's well known history of the Grand Army of the Republic in fine bindings which it will sell at \$5.00 per volume. Original price, sold only on subscription, at \$5.00. These books are fully illustrated and complete in every detail. Call and see them.

It has long been a popular theory of the advocates of temperance, as well as people generally, that sobriety and longevity saunter through this wicked world hand in hand, but now comes the startling information that his native country at the ripe age of 105 years and that he has gone to bed drunk every night since he was eighteen years old.

REDFERN YACHTING GOWN

[Special COURIER Correspondence.]

COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, England, Aug. 1, 1890.—Your correspondent writes to-day from a small spot of earth, which is temporarily one of the gayest, liveliest places anywhere to be found. It is the Isle of Wight—Cowes, in the racing week. Here is gathered in this first week of August all the fashion and a great deal of the aristocracy of England. Her majesty is here in her yacht, the Alberta, and the prince of Wales has just arrived from the Goodwood races. His racing yacht, the Albatross, rides at anchor in the harbor among a fleet of white wings belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, which hails H. R. H., the Prince as Commodore. This is the most exclusive club in the world, and to it alone is accorded the honor of flying the white ensign, the flag of the royal navy. Its elegant club house is one of the sights of the town, as it stands in its beautiful and extensive grounds on the parade. Another of the sights is the crowd of well-bred, good looking, and faultlessly attired visitors, who are arriving by every road. The women, in particular, are pictures in their natty yachting gowns, and especially those who have been clever enough to get themselves costumed by Redfern.



Here is one of his gowns, worn by a tall, handsome girl with dark eyes and a brilliant complexion. It is a petticoat of white flannel with narrow stripes of red. Across the bottom are one wide, and two narrow rows of dark blue braid. The draped over-skirt is of red serge, and is opened on the side to show the striped petticoat. One edge of the drapery hangs in jabot folds and reveals a facing of the flannel with the braid trimming. The bodice opens on the breast, over a shirt of the stripes, and has lapels of the flannel, bordered with blue braid. The sleeves are also of the striped stuff, with bands of blue in points around the bottom, and a large twisted cord of blue and white outlines the edge of the bodice and is knotted on the right side.



THE YACHTING COAT

is after another Redfern design. It is of cadet blue cloth, with a hood on the back, and straps of silver braid all down the front on a line with each one of the silver anchor buttons. Upon the pockets and upper parts of the sleeves are embroidered emblems, and the same are painted upon the hat band.

O. E. Goodell, Dr. N. R. Hook and son and A. L. Frost were among the Lincolnites who attended the aquatic sports at Bournemouth Thursday. They report a splendid time. There was a tremendous attendance from all over the state, the chance for Nebraskans to see two of the greatest swimmers in the world being too good a one to lose. The mile races between Hanlan and Teener was the great event of the day, of course. Hanlan won two straight heats amid the greatest excitement and applause. Hanlan's exhibition of walking on the water was also a notable feature.